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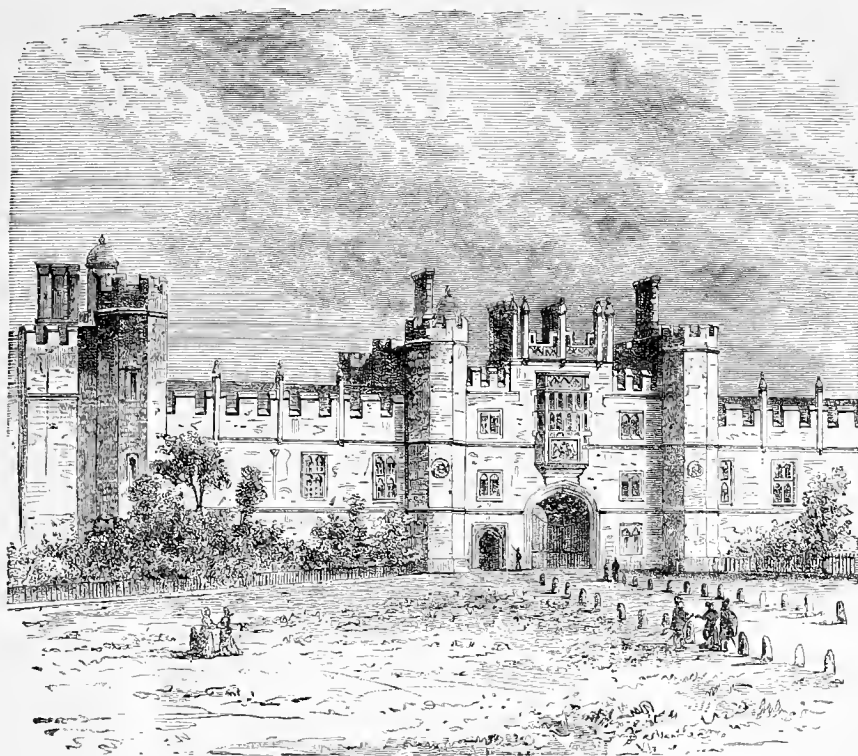
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CAREER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CONSIDERABLE has been published at different times in the columns of the

of Henry VIII. is conspicuous in the history of his time. Although his career cannot be admired as a whole, he is certainly entitled to much credit for his ability and genius.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

INSTRUCTOR about Cardinal Wolsey. In his day he was one of the most noted men of Europe; and the part he took in the affairs of England during a great part of the reign

The fact that he rose from a humble position to that of power and influence in a very short time shows that he possessed extraordinary talents.

Thomas Wolsey was a butcher's son, born in the town of Ipswich, Cambridgeshire, England. He received an education at Oxford College and was given the position of a clergyman in a small village. Here he fell into disgrace and was punished by being placed in the stocks. Having lost favor with the people among whom he labored, he resigned his position and left the place. He soon obtained an introduction to one of the ministers of King Henry VII., and by his pleasing address and winning manners obtained the position of king's private secretary. His advancement was now almost insured. He received new appointments and showed himself to be a very capable statesman and diplomat even during the life of Henry VII.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne he sought his favor, and by his ability to please he captivated the king and became his favorite companion. It can scarcely be said he was his adviser, for Henry VIII. was a very stubborn monarch, who liked to have his own way. Wolsey must have readily perceived this, and when he was unable to influence him by mild persuasion he, in order to not lose favor, would at once turn to aid him in his plans.

This characteristic of Wolsey was perhaps his worst fault, and was what eventually led to his downfall. If he had had the manhood to stand

by his convictions regardless of consequences, his life would be one that could be looked upon with admiration, and he would have gained the respect of honorable men even though he lost the good-will of an unscrupulous, treacherous villain as Henry VIII. proved to be. But Wolsey was ambitious for glory and power, and he was shrewd enough to take a course that would bring him the desired eminence and greatness.

The king soon made him the chief minister of state, and the Pope of Rome, through the influence of the king, appointed him Archbishop of York, and immediately afterwards made him a cardinal. This was the highest position in the Romish church with the exception of that of the pope. He even aspired to fill the pontifical seat, and laid plans for accomplishing his object; but in this he failed.

This ambitious cardinal became very wealthy and built a large palace for his residence.

He had nearly one thousand servants and attendants, and lived like a king. The building here shown, Hampton Court Palace, is the one erected by him. It is still standing, but has been changed since his day. This palace is situated near the village called Hampton, about twelve miles from London. It contained fifteen hundred rooms and was fitted up in grandeur and elegance.

The latter part of Wolsey's life well illus-



DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

trates the folly of seeking to acquire fame by any but honorable methods, and shows that a person who will make use of his best friend as a tool to accomplish wicked deeds will practice deception with him when it suits his purpose. King Henry VIII. was perhaps as corrupt and cruel a ruler as England ever had. He has ever been noted as a wife murderer. About eighteen years after he married his first wife he fell in love with one of her attendants, Anne Boleyn. In order to marry her he divorced his wife, through a cunning pretext which he gave as a sufficient reason. It was through the influence of this woman, Anne Boleyn, that Cardinal Wolsey fell from his position of power and influence. By an act he performed to accomplish the king's wish, he incurred her hatred; and when she married King Henry she persuaded him to dismiss the cardinal. He did so, and also took possession of his palace with all its magnificent furnishings. Wolsey was thus humiliated and never again arose to his former exalted station in the kingdom. Numerous charges were brought against him by his enemies, but the king forgave him and extended to him a pension for the remainder of his life. Subsequently he was arrested on the charge of high treason, and on the way to trial he died in the care of some monks at Leicester Abbey.

Wolsey, just previous to his death, made the following acknowledgment:

"Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."



VIRTUE is like a rich stone, best plain set. Cleanliness and the civil beauty of the body were ever esteemed to proceed from a modesty of behavior. We read of Jezebel, that she painted her face; but there is no such report of Esther or Judith.

EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 399]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A HAPPY, prosperous and loving family were the Veres; tender, affectionate and united.

A circumstance which greatly increased their happiness, was the coming to Utah of their "Grandma Kane," after the death of her husband.

The dearest, sweetest, loveliest old lady that ever lived, they all thought, until their own mother became old, as her mother had been before her death.

Joyous, blithsome, happy Ivie, loving everybody, and causing everybody to love her in return, greatly surprised her mother by a strange declaration, when she was twenty years old.

"Mother," she said, "if I were going to marry, I should prefer a man several years older than myself; a wise, good man, who had, already, a wife or wives."

"I do not see how you can say that, Ivie; I do not see how you can feel that way!" replied Mrs. Vere. "When I was a girl, nothing that I could have imagined would have been more revolting to my feelings than the thought of marrying a man who had a living wife."

"Oh! certainly, mother, but compare the circumstances of your girlhood, and those by which I am surrounded; mark the difference," philosophized Ivie.

"When you were a girl, no one thought of such a thing; the 'Revelation on Celestial Marriage, Including Plurality of Wives,' had not then been given to the Prophet Joseph Smith; and you had no understanding of, and could form no idea concerning the operations and results of such an institution. But I had the privilege of being born in 'polygamy;' have been used to it all my life, studying with untold interest, the blameless course of my wise, kind, just and noble father; the stainless example of my faithful,

humble, yet heroic mother. Do you wonder, after reflection, that I should prefer to marry a man of understanding, one educated, practically as well as theoretically in the principles of the gospel, rather than one who would be blundering along in the path for years and years, half a lifetime, perhaps; and who, for aught I should know, might never learn to walk straight and upright? You have given me too good an insight into these lessons, mother, for the companionship of light-minded, frivolous young men. I like best to converse with those who are capable of leading in conversation which elevates and enriches the mind, instead of talking nonsense ceaselessly. Some of the girls were shocked at my views on these points, as we walked home from Sabbath school last Sunday.

"They could not understand how I could imagine myself happy and satisfied with a husband who did not 'live for me alone.' I don't believe they have fathers and mothers like mine.

"Sometime, when they are all here, I mean to take them into our flower garden, and from the pinks and that little book, 'The Language of the Flowers,' try to teach them a beautiful lesson I have traced."

"What is it, Ivie, the lesson you have found?" asked Mrs. Vere, thoroughly interested in her daughter's animated way of expressing herself.

"Nothing new to you, I presume, mother, but I never thought of it until lately," said Ivie, "I will try to tell it over to you, though; that will help to fasten it on my mind, and prepare me to explain it to the girls.

"In the book I mentioned, 'The Language of the Flowers,' to the pink is given the most appropriate expression of 'pure love.' While considering the remarkable fitness of this definition, I have doubted if the full significance of the same could have been realized by the author's self. You know, mother, how our extensive and elegant bed of pinks, single and double, with its almost endless variety of tints and colors, has spread and

grown, with care and culture, from a few small roots which you brought home with you one 'Conference time.' First you set those little roots, which you had brought so carefully in wet cloths and earth, into the ground.

"We watered them plentifully, and they lived and grew. The next year, you found they had not only multiplied their rich foliage, but had also formed new divisions of roots.

"You took them up and divided them, and set them out again, forming a bed more than twice the size of the first. We had also gathered seeds of the first year's blossoms, which we planted; and their colors combining, largely increased the beautiful variegations which are now the delight of all beholders.

"The forming of new memberships in this enchanting floral kingdom, we readily see, causes no loss whatever to the earlier inmates of the home. All the fragrance and beauty which the first received, upon entering into their new positions, they still retain and ever will, as their own, lawful positions which cannot be taken from them and bestowed upon others. Indeed, the increase of splendor and glory which comes with the introduction of every new addition that is made, brings to every other member its proportionate share of the newly acquired wealth. For how can the floral home be enlarged, its beauty and excellence extended and increased, without reflecting additional light and glory upon each individual plant belonging to it?

"All this is truly emblematic of 'pure love;' that 'pure love of Christ,' which Moroni tells us, (in his father's words, in the latter part of the Book of Mormon,) 'charity is.' And how happily it illustrates the 'pure love' which should exist in all human family relationships, including plurality of wives!

"When a man marries a woman, if the marriage is the perfect union it should be, the love which unites the two, knows no bounds. It seems to absolutely fill the heart of each, there is no room for distrust or selfishness. Yet it does not weaken any former affections

which have legitimately existed, but tends to ennoble them. The youth never knew, until now, how dear his precious mother and sisters really are to him. The maiden finds herself more devotedly attached to her father and brothers than she had ever before imagined. The new love awakens sweet and holy appreciations of all that is good and beautiful in life, which nothing else would have ever aroused.

"Yes, the two young hearts are full of 'pure love;' and are almost wishing, like the little girl, that they could 'hurry and grow bigger, so they might hold more happiness.'

"Just as our first small cluster of pinks, as if for gratitude's sake, in consideration of the kind care we had bestowed upon them, poured out upon the air, for our enjoyment, all the sweet odors they could give, and seemed to rejoice in their ability to 'please the eye and enliven the heart of man'—so the young husband and wife sent up to our Father in heaven their grateful acknowledgments for His goodness for giving them to each other. Our pinks look smiling up at us, with their glad little faces, as if to lovingly remind us not to neglect to give them water, or they must wither beneath the heat of the summer sunshine. In like manner the young couple look up to God and plead with Him to bestow His Holy Spirit upon them continually, that they may walk in the light forever, and not be overcome.

"In about a year, the same length of time that had passed when new growths were perceptible among our pink roots, the young couple begin to realize that their hearts are expanding and becoming capable of containing more love and more happiness. The 'pure love' which has wrought such boundless good for them, is no longer to be confined in so small a compass as it has hitherto occupied. It must reach forth to others whom it may nourish and bless. And as time passes, the family circle broadens; other wives unite themselves with the blest and happy couple; children are born; the 'pure love' strengthens and increases accordingly;

still filling every heart, still shutting out all jealousy, doubt and selfishness, still ruling and governing all.

"With each newly added member, comes an increase of glory and blessings to the peaceful, happy home; just as the additional pink roots bring more beauty and fragrance into their joyous kingdom.

"We might go on thus comparing to a great length; for there are still many beautiful figures I can trace in this lesson, which I have not touched upon yet. But what do you think about it, mother?"

Ivie sat bending over her work, her bowed head close to her mother. Mrs. Vere took the bright, young face in her hands, and kissing it several times, answered tenderly, "I think it is one of my Ivie's exquisite theorems, which not having proven, she cannot yet pronounce an unquestionable fact. Flowers are not human beings, my daughter; and human hearts do, possess other qualities besides the loveliness and sweetness which characterize the floral kingdom. Our pinks have only mild, bright eyes, with which they look softly up at us; but people have tongues, which are sometimes sharp and cruel, and utter hasty words which create feelings of bitterness and strife."

"I have thought of that, too," said Ivie, "and have noticed how well the weeds, which will keep springing up among our flowers, and have to be pulled out and destroyed, correspond with the naughty, offensive words and feelings which we all have to guard against so carefully and constantly. That part of the subject is disposed of naturally and easily enough.

"But there is another point I have already touched, which I hope to make very clear and forcible. That is in the matter of the increase among our pinks, without any requirement for one to divide its share of beauty and fragrance with another; and that, in the family circle, where love is the fulfilling of the law; the operations and results are the same; no one trespasses upon the rights of others. In the garden if the new plants were not set

out, the older ones would not, could not, obtain the loveliness which comes with the new ones; if the new plants came not, lived not, the loveliness which belongs to them would never be known, would never exist.

"Likewise in the human home where but one wife, one mother, one group of children are acknowledged, the loving confidence, the helpfulness in all directions, the pleasant cheer of every kind, and all good things are limited. When other wives enter and become inmates of the home, it is no more consistent to favor the idea that they and the children born to them must necessarily take from the first wife and her children any portion of the husband and father's affection and tenderness, than to believe that the new pink roots must rob the older ones of sweetness and beauty.

"As the man's family increases, his heart enlarges, and still it is filled with that 'Charity, which is the pure love of Christ.' If the new members had not been added to the family circle, the new love, with all its blessedness, had not sprung up; but the man's heart had continued dwarfed and narrow, instead of being enriched by healthy expansion and growth. By his humble and judicious example, the true man teaches all the members of his household, those correct principles, by which they may wisely govern themselves; and every heart is ready for new developments at any time, and new love, pure and exalting is always welcome, never crowding or discommoding, in any form.

"It is no use going on; there is no end to this interesting subject. But mother, I would not marry a man, if I knew it, who had not, or would not marry other wives also. Such a one would have a mind too narrow, a heart too contracted, and a soul too small for me."

Thus had the divine principles of the everlasting gospel been instilled into the heart of the youthful Ivie, by the unimpeachable lives of her father and mother.

Mrs. Vere smiled lovingly upon her daughter, and told her she was a brave and sensible girl, and that she often learned lessons from her that did her good.

* * * * *

To the honor of the principle of Plurality of Wives, and to the glory of God, be it recorded, that Mrs. Vere, a few years later, had the holy satisfaction of witnessing a sublime demonstration of Ivie's "exquisite theorem," in which it was proven to be a magnificent reality, with some of her own daughters as prime factors.

CHAPTER XIX.

To follow the modern style in concluding a story, would be to leave the hero and heroine, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, with hearts and homes full of undisturbed happiness. But an ancient wise philosopher declared, that a life could not be pronounced a success, until after its close. Accepting this reasoning of Solon as quite consistent in the main, it is but convenient, in closing this narrative, wherein has been drawn a contracted outline of the blending of two lives in one, to follow them as far as mortals may be generally allowed, into a fairer and better home than this earth affords.

That the pure and conscientious life of Elydor Vere, was such as to insure communication between himself and heaven, even until his latest day, may be judged by the following extract from a letter to one of his daughters.

My labors in this life are nearly accomplished; I regret it not. I have fought a good fight, and feel that my faith grows stronger, my hopes brighter, and my love for God, and charity towards all His children more firm and far-reaching.

I shall gain a great reward, even a crown of righteousness, and shall dwell with the sanctified. * * * *

Oh, be faithful! *be faithful*, my children. Strive not for the riches of this world, which perish, but for eternal life.

With love and prayers for your constant welfare, in which your mother and the children join.

YOUR FATHER.

The above was written shortly before the death of Brother Vere, although for a year or two previous to his demise, he enjoyed better health than was usual with him formerly. His latest works and words were full of love

and blessings for those around him, and he passed peacefully away to that heavenly rest, for which his soul was so fully prepared, after a few days of mortal pain and suffering.

To the members of his devoted family, the loss was heavy, and left them feeling grief-stricken and lonely. Especially to the faithful wife of his youth, was the separation very severe: But it was borne by her as all her life sorrows had been, with heroic resignation, and unfaltering trust in God. And, through the mercies of that kind and wise heavenly Friend, the separation between those two true and loving hearts, was not of long duration.

"Why should I live on now?" Sister Vere questioned to herself one day, as she sat quietly alone. And the spirit answered her, "Live to overcome."

As if there could be anything to overcome, in a being so purified! her daughters thought, when she repeated the experience to them.

Yet a little while, and then, softly and lovingly, by the hands of her children, she was laid upon her bed, from which she was never more to arise in mortality.

The little strength remaining with her was spent entirely in urging those about her to cease from all light-mindedness, and cleave unto that which leadeth unto God. "Oh be good! *be good!* everyone would hear who came to her bedside. Once, the tenderly anxious watchers about her, thought the pangs of death were over, and that the spirit had escaped from its house of clay. But in half an hour, she again breathed and spoke.

"They are not quite ready for me there, yet, not quite ready," she said. And for another night and day she lingered and suffered.

"Comfort me Jesus,
Oh comfort me!
Comfort me Jesus,
Oh comfort me!
Comfort me Jesus,
Oh *come for me!*"

Sang the gentle sufferer, in a low, soft voice, which melted every listener to tears, and seemed to be more of heaven than earth.

And Jesus heard, and came, or sent for her, and took her home.

If but one light and careless mind may be led to sober reflection; one sorrowing and burdened heart find consolation; one soul be stimulated to strive more earnestly for salvation, through reading the foregoing pages; then has the time required, been profitably and satisfactorily spent in writing

Ebauche, Mais Veritable,
A ROUGH SKETCH, BUT TRUE.

Lula Greene Richards.

GLCBE GLEANINGS.

MAKING A REPUTATION.

IT IS Shakespeare who says that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to victory. Such, indeed, is the experience of nearly every person. Opportunities are offered, which, if seized, bring success to the one to whom they are presented, and if neglected pass along, seldom, if ever, to return. For such chances, therefore, everyone should be watchful, and allow none to pass unimproved.

The experience of Jonathan H. Pugh, who became one of the most eminent lawyers of the Illinois bar, illustrates the lesson desired to be conveyed. He was a pale-faced young lawyer who day after day sat waiting for clients but none applied. The first term of court came and his name had not appeared on the docket.

One day there came before the clerk of the Circuit Court a poor, sad woman who poured into his ear a pitiful tale of woe. A brother-in-law had robbed her of all the property left her by her dead husband, had oppressed and abused her, and was now seeking to take from her care her only child, a little girl three years old. The clerk became deeply interested in the woman and promised to help her. He at once sent for Pugh. The young lawyer came and took charge of her case.

The poor woman's brother-in-law was rich, and he employed the best of counsel, and made every preparation in his power to defeat her in court and subject her to still greater oppression. He even circulated the most slanderous stories against her, and succeeded in totally destroying her good reputation.

This story kindled the soul of Pugh, and he went to work with a fierce determination to unmask the villain. The day for the trial arrived. The neighborhood was thoroughly aroused, and the old court room was crowded with spectators.

The sad and dreamy young lawyer became another man—a bold and dauntless knight fighting for outraged womanhood. He arose to speak. The silence was painful. With a master hand he laid before court and jury the work of the poor woman's oppressor. The perjured witnesses withered beneath his fiery denunciation. Judge, jurors and spectators bent forward to listen.

As he told of the woman's wrongs tears filled the eyes of all. Then he turned from the weeping woman to the author of her sorrows. In terrible language he expressed the villainy of the man. Suddenly he faced the victim of his scorn, and pointing his quivering finger at him, exclaimed :—

"You have stolen from this poor woman all her property. Not only this; you have robbed her not only of her last dollar, but of what is more precious than gold—her good name. And now, with savage hands, you try to tear from her arms her darling child. In the awful hereafter you should not even be allowed the miserable comfort of herding with the common damned, but in some lower, deeper hell be compelled, singly and alone, to howl out an eternity of woe."

As Pugh reached this climax it fell like a bolt of thunder on the ears of the guilty man, and he rushed headlong from the court room. Pugh's reputation was made. He was flooded with clients and was at once one of the busiest lawyers in town.

THE START TO WEALTH.

There is a millionaire named John James Mago, who spends about nine months of every year in Paris, the foundation of whose fortune of \$5,000,000, is said to have been laid in the following curious way:

Fifteen years ago he was British Vice-Consul at San Jose, Guatemala, and a poor man. One day a drunken native commandant, who was running the port in an outrageous manner, ordered that he be given one hundred lashes for some fancied insult. The Vice-Consul was lashed accordingly.

Later the British Government stepped in and ordered that Mago be paid \$500 for every lash. Guatemala was glad enough to pay the money, which made the Vice-Consul a comparatively rich man.

Having more ready money than any one else in the country, President Barrios entered into partnership with him. Mago became a large coffee planter and dealer, and also was given exclusive franchises for building docks in the ports, out of which he made a great deal of money.

AN UNEXPECTED PRESENT.

A comical incident is related as occurring recently in the town of Beaune in the province of Burgundy. It is as follows:

The favorite pastor of the parish was a round, jovial-faced little Abbe, who enjoyed a good glass of wine: and so as a surprise, the villagers, who were mostly small vintage owners, agreed to give him a pleasant surprise by filling a wine tun that was lying empty in his back yard, and presenting it to him on his birthday. Each man was to bring his share of wine and pour it into the cask quietly at night.

The next morning the cask was decorated with wreaths and flowers. All the friends assembled, and the leader presented the full decorated cask of red wine, good sound Burgundy, though of no special brand, to the delighted Abbe. Glasses were brought, and with cries of "Long life to the Abbe!" all

stood round to drink his health. His old housekeeper turned the tap and drew out the first glass, but, miracle of miracles, the wine had become pure clear water! Each cunning peasant had thought his share of water would not be noticed among the other wine, but their unanimity had worked a miracle by no means acceptable to the spiritual guide.

A LONG ISLAND HERMIT.

A few days ago there died Samuel Smith, at the age of seventy-one years, who has been known as the "Hermit of Freeport Beach." The cause of his withdrawal from society is not positively known, though some say it was disappointment in love. He did not, however, become a misanthrope as many do who voluntarily withdraw from the associations of men. He treated all whom he met with great cordiality, but never sought the companionship of human beings for many years.

It was over thirty years ago that he built a hut on this Long Island beach and has lived there ever since by himself. His hut was a veritable curiosity shop, and excursionists to the beach did not consider the trip complete unless his cabin was visited.

Smith subsisted principally on fish and fowl, caught in the bay or shot on the marshes. In the winter his larder was stocked for an emergency. Sam, however, was much of a worker, and reaped quite a revenue at times in getting iron and copper from vessels that were wrecked on the beach.

During his dreary life on the ocean beach he has saved a number of persons from drowning, and always stood ready to do any act of kindness that lay in his power.

He was well posted on the Scriptures, and was passionately fond of discussing religious matters. During his illness he was kindly cared for and his funeral was attended by many of his old friends.

SOUNDS FROM COLORS.

Did you ever suppose that colors had sounds? Very likely you never thought of

such a thing. Indeed very few persons have considered this matter, and yet a recent discovery is just now attracting the attention of scientists in regard to the sounds of colors. Their music is thus produced:

A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce the solar spectrum, or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored lights fall upon it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel and other colors make no sound at all.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

Some nurses sat on a bench in ——— Park the other day caring for their charges—a frolicsome company of beautifully dressed "curled darlings of fortune." One of the baby boys, angry at some denial, struck his attendant spitefully with his cherubic hands, and emphasized his rosy wrath by kicking her impotently with his softly shod little foot.

"Why don't you spank him?" asked an indignant mate of the unprotesting caretaker.

"How can I correct him when his parents never do it?" was the answer.

In this reply was revealed the secret of the evolution of many a despicable man and unlovely woman. An undisciplined child grows into an unbearable adult. The "spoiled darling" of too indulgent parents becomes in time a happiness-spoiler for others. When you see a man overbearing or brutal towards his inferiors or servants you may be pretty sure that he was not taught proper behavior and respect for the rights of others as a child. When a woman is cold and selfish in

her dealings with dependents and strangers the chances are that she was somebody's ungoverned pet when young.

The world has not yet grown away from the wisdom of the adage: "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Weiss Wenig.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 411.]

THE good merchant's wrath, on hearing Willard's story, was neither pleasant nor profitable.

"You come and ask me for my girl, when I know nothing about you but your disreputable conduct towards us all in that miserable affair of the paper. I am ashamed of my daughter, that she has so little sense of decency as to encourage you. You ask me for the most sacred privilege, with as much assurance as you would if asking for a drink of water. No, sir, I will not give my consent to your having my Aseneth."

"You are mistaken, Brother Lang, if you think I do not appreciate the full importance of the privilege I have asked you to grant me. I should not wish to marry your daughter if I did not think her the best woman on earth, and worthy of my devotion and love. I can not see why you should hold a foolish and wicked lie so long in your belief, and let it influence you against me. I told you at the time that it was a lie, and now I repeat it. I can do no more."

"No one asks you to do anything at all about it; but I guess there was some fire where there was so much smoke. I am not going to discuss the matter with you. I say, once for all, I shan't give my consent for you to become my son-in-law. Good evening, sir."

And Willard found himself bowed out of the house, and walked so hastily and angrily away, that he forgot he had not told Aseneth the result of the interview, or said good night.

He called for her next morning, however, and then told her all her father had said. The ride down to the farm was a frosty one that morning and the girl seemed too cold to talk much. So Willard relapsed into silence, after his story was told. Poor Willard was almost discouraged. It seemed there was some evil influence at work to hinder him from securing any comfort or happiness in a home and family. At least it was very disheartening. He felt little interest in the new log house, and spent the next two or three days in reading and something that looked very much like sulky silence.

Lying awake one night and pondering on the circumstances which had led up to this state of affairs, a remark made by Aseneth drifted idly into his mind. Had he made the matter a subject of prayer, she had asked him? Then came the remembrance of his own resolve at a former time, to be more child-like in his faith, and not trust so much to his own strength. He recalled the time when he had determined to ask God for a testimony on this very matter, but he had failed to do so, his mind dwelling more on the girl than on the Lord or His purposes. He wondered in a half-idle fashion, if God really did take cognizance of such things as this. Then again his mind drifted away to something else, and he was again in the dark.

On New Year's day, the Bishop came down to spend the day, and told them he intended spending most of the winter with them. No one was more pleased to hear this than Willard. He resolved to see the Bishop alone and have a good talk with him. The day after New Year he invited the Bishop to go over to his little home and see what had been done in his absence. On the way over, Willard opened his heart to his kind friend and showed him all the perplexities and difficulties he had so recently met.

"What shall I do? How shall I convince Brother Lang that I am an honest man, and how shall I get his consent to marry his daughter? For she says she will not have me without it, and I am discouraged. I

reckon I am not worthy of a wife," with a mournful smile.

"Brother Willard, you ask me what you shall do, and how you shall do. Let me ask you a question: have you asked the Lord anything about it?"

Willard looked blank, then colored clear up to his forehead.

"No, sir, I don't think I have specially mentioned the matter in my prayers. It seems rather strange to go to the Lord with every little thing. If He grants us the common blessings of life, and then gives us the light of the gospel, it seems as if we ought to use our own common sense about our daily affairs, and not bother the Lord for that which He has given us reason to get for ourselves."

"If that is the way you feel, why don't you get what you want yourself without coming to me for advice? The only value my advice would have, would be because it was dictated by the good Spirit. You will have many lessons to learn, if you try to live your life in your own strength. It is hard enough to live so as to gain an exaltation, when you have all the help you can get from God; but I never heard of any way of pleasing God but by the Spirit of God."

The quietly spoken rebuke, the firm tone, made Willard feel ashamed and humble. He said nothing for some minutes, then asked,

"Do you think God interferes in the daily affairs of life? I have always thought that things go on without much interference from heavenly assistance, except when there is some special need of outside aid."

"Our Father deals with us on something the same principle as we deal with our children; if we seek the aid and counsel of our parents, they are always pleased and proud to grant it. All laws are in His hands, and we know comparatively nothing of the many laws and principles that govern His actions. We know one or two of the A B C's of life, such as, if we put our fingers in the fire they will burn. But the law by which God said to the fiery furnace, 'burn not the Hebrew

children,' we know nothing about. It was a law, however, which is as simple as that of the combustion of the elements composing the fire, if we understood it. So on the same principle, there is a law of prayer and the answer to prayer. If God can control the flames, so can He hold the hearts of the children of men in His hands. You ask me what to do about gaining the consent of Brother Lang for your marriage with his daughter: I tell you to go and ask God to help you."

"And you really think He will hear and answer my prayer on such a matter?"

"I know it. But there is another point connected with the principle of prayer. So many people think prayer is a sort of haphazard thing. When in reality it is as much a principle of order and law as anything else in the gospel. Saints, especially those who have received the keys of the holy Priesthood, should remember they possess great power with the heavens, and try to use that power wisely. Moroni tells us to be careful what we pray for, not to ask for that which is inexpedient for us to have. In other words, beware that we ask not to consume it on the lusts of the flesh. With the most of us, we do not ask for half that we should."

"I think the American air must be too free for the most of men, for it is generally counted as a weakness to pray for that which we can get without troubling God."

They were at the new house then, and the Bishop ended the conversation by remarking, "Our Savior is our guide in all these matters, and if we are ashamed of Him and His ways, He will be very apt to be ashamed of us in the day of our trial."

Willard, like many of the rest of us, was much more impressed and agreed with his friendly counselor more than he felt to acknowledge, so for the present he let the subject die. He resolved in his own mind to make the whole principle a matter for study and reflection. It is enough to say here that he more or less faithfully carried out his resolve and the future events of his life were

one constant proof of the truth of the Bishop's words.

He was too proud to trouble either Aseneth or her father with his feelings, and so they two, Willard and Aseneth, were somewhat cool and reserved in their behavior for the next few weeks. Willard had so far overcome his proud nature as to pray in set and earnest words twice a day for the heart of Brother Lang to be softened towards him. And in the course of three months he received a singular answer to his prayer.

One afternoon in early March the Bishop told him he had a message from President Young for him; it was a request for him to come up to his office as soon as he could. In great wonderment of mind as to what this might mean, Willard went at once to comply with the request.

On reaching the city he found quite a crowd of people in the office waiting for a chance to see the President. So he sat down and patiently waited his turn. When at last the clerk came and asked him his name and his business, he was weary and had lost whatever curiosity he might at first have felt. The first look into the keen kindly eyes of the President dispelled his annoyance and he shook the hand of Brother Brigham for the first time in his life with a feeling of pleasure and gratitude.

"So you are the young man who left wife, home and child in Virginia to come to Zion? I am glad to meet you, Brother Gibbs. Sit down and tell me about yourself."

It seemed easy to tell all the sad and painful details of his entering the Church to this good man, for there was a warmth of sympathy that drew his story from him without an effort. When the tale was finished the President said, "Well, Brother Gibbs, you have had quite an experience. How long have you been here?"

"Nearly two years."

"And have you got you a home and a wife yet?"

"No sir. I think I am rather unlucky at that sort of thing. I have a good log house

down near Bishop Mainwaring's farm, but I can find no one foolish enough to marry me."

The note of pain in the speaker's voice was plainly apparent to the sharp ears of the man who read the hearts of his fellow-men at a glance. He made no answering comment but said,

"Brother Gibbs, we want you to take a mission to England for a couple of years. But I feel as if I should like to see you have a family before you leave here. Have none of our comely girls found a warm spot in your heart?"

Willard turned his hat around and around. Theretofore he had felt no embarrassment in speaking; but now, he knew not what to say. If he said anything he would betray his own pride and lack of faith which he now felt had been the real barrier between him and Aseneth as well as the unfortunate feud between Brother Lang and himself. He had all a proud, spirited man's horror of talebearing. And yet he could not but answer this direct question. After a somewhat lengthy pause he answered,

"Yes, sir, there is a girl that I, that she, that we, that is—"

The President broke into an irresistible smile, and Willard laughed at his own embarrassment and awkwardness.

A few skillful, direct questions brought the whole thing out, and after listening in silence to Willard's hurried explanations, Brother Young answered,

"You come up here at ten o'clock tomorrow and I will have Brother Lang up here and we will talk the matter over. For the present, then, we will say good-afternoon."

Willard's sleep was filled with vague, uneasy dreams that night, and it was with a very humble, child-like spirit that he bowed before his Maker the next morning, for he knew he was weak wherein he had for years thought himself strong, and he was full of a desire to become so meek that God would listen to his prayers and give him wisdom to know what to pray for. He was pale with the intensity of his feelings and his knees felt suspiciously like trembling as he opened the outer office

door and saw Brother Lang sitting near the door.

"Now, brethren," said the President after they were alone, "we will talk over this matter in the spirit of Saints. Brother Gibbs, we will listen to your explanation in regard to your associations with Arthur Willis. Now, don't be afraid to tell just what happened."

So encouraged, Willard told his part of the affair, and then, feeling a spirit of confession come over him, he acknowledged his fault—so he termed it—in seeking to gain a good girl's heart and hand without first asking God to be his guide and hourly counselor. He frankly confessed to Brother Lang that he was, no doubt, too proud and self-sufficient.

"You have reached one of the home-truths of our religion, Brother Gibbs," remarked President Young when his recital was ended, "to keep your heart humble before God, and to seek your brethren in the spirit of love and good-fellowship is one of the keys to the door of happiness here and hereafter. You showed to Brother Lang, from your own confession, a spirit of unbending pride, and expected to receive his consent for your marriage to his daughter, without one moment's consideration of all the bitterness and sorrow your thoughtless but unfortunate actions had caused him. Our daughters, the sweet, pure souls of the daughters of Zion, are our pride and our joy, and we fathers part with them with reluctance and misgivings. And, Brother Gibbs, I am but repeating Brother Lang's sentiments and my own when I say we would prefer men who have been tried and proven in this gospel and in life as husbands for our daughters. But girls are not so wise as their fathers, and we cannot control their affections. I know Bro. Lang's Aseneth, and she is a good, dutiful girl, a precious prize to the man who is fortunate enough to get her. You must understand that fact. Also that you are not as yet fully proven. On the other hand, Brother Lang, this young man was not particularly to blame in that paper affair, and as soon as he learned the character of the apostate he shunned him. He has done well since then

and bears a good name in his ward. Bishop Mainwaring speaks very highly of him and told me but last week that he has enough confidence in him to give him one of his own daughters if he had asked him for one."

Willard's unruly heart still had recollection enough to throb strangely at this high compliment paid him.

"Come, now, Brother Lang, what do you say?" went on the President. "Let us arrange this matter. Brother Gibbs tells me Aseneth is quite willing to have him if you will give your consent. The mother is doubtless willing also. We want Brother Gibbs to start on a mission to England, but if he gets married we will give him three months to settle his wife in her new home and arrange his affairs to leave."

After some further conversation Brother Lang gave him consent and the two men left the office together. I would not pretend to say that Brother Lang felt all his prejudices removed, for he was a man of obstinate ideas, but he enjoyed sufficient of the Spirit of the Lord to see that the thing was right and he tried to put aside his bitterness and treat the young man with as much friendliness as he could.

It was arranged before leaving the office that Willard and Aseneth were to be at the Endowment House on the fast day of the next month, April, and get back at once to their new home to prepare for his mission.

Willard's horse made excellent time to the farm that evening, and he reached home just as the big moon peeped up over the hill.

The front room was empty, and sounds from the front bed room indicated that Aunt Sarah was brooding her little ones into their snug nests. He passed through the front room, and as he stepped into the kitchen the dim light of the tallow candle showed Aseneth standing by the sink washing up the milk things. He walked up quietly, and putting both arms closely around her he bent his head down, kissed her startled eyes and lips and whispered,

"I am going on a mission, my dear."

She wiped her hands on her apron and turned herself around in his arms, as she asked with almost a gasp, "When?"

"Do you really want to know when?" he could not refrain from teasing, he was so happy. "Do you really care?"

Her eyes asked and answered for her.

"Well, then, I am going to England, after—after"—and he drew her closer yet—"after you and I are married," his lips close to her cheek, "and settled in our new home."

The love and intense feeling of his words and manner had beguiled her into forgetfulness of her vow of obedience to parental authority, so now with the reminder of his words she put his arms away and said faintly, "I don't think you realize what you are saying."

"Oh, yes I do, though. But one thing I do not know," his quick temper rising, "and that is whether you care one bit for me or not. I shall not say another word about myself or my plans until I know something more about you. I do believe you are incapable of love such as I feel."

He sat down by the kitchen table, and dropping his head in his hands reflected on the singularity of womankind in general, and the oddity of this particular girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINK SERIOUSLY.

BEFORE embarking in any new pecuniary enterprise it is customary, as the saying is, for us to put on our thinking cap. We are anxious to weigh in the scales of reason, as best we can, the natural results of certain causes. We aim, as much as possible, to avoid being rash and foolish in making our calculations and investments, knowing that such a course has led many to misfortune and ruin. We ask the advice of others who have been engaged in the same business that we intend to follow, as to the best and safest course to pursue, so that absolute success may ultimately crown our efforts.

Now, this is all right and proper, and just the very thing a sensible person may be expected to do, but it is the special effort that is put forth in one certain direction and not in another that is much more important, that calls for particular notice in this brief article.

Observation and experience furnish us daily proofs of the need there is for making ourselves ready for the life that is to come. We are fully aware that this is not our abiding place. We see on every hand the old and the young, the high and the low, the rich and the poor cut down by the resistless hand of death, and, when we think seriously, we know that above all we ought to make a sure and safe investment for the soul. This can only be done by keeping the commandments of God and honoring Him in all things. As the word of God says, "What doth it avail a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

To live lives that are proper and justifiable in the sight of heaven we must guard ourselves against every approach of evil, and against all the extremes that are common to this vain, perverted age. We are told that to sow to the flesh we must reap corruption, and that to sow to the wind we must reap the whirlwind.

"Well," asks one, "are we to have no pleasure here, at all? Must we wait here and languish in sorrow, and risk the future for every joy and blessing?" We answer, no; you do not need to wait for blessings if you will take the right course to receive them, but are you wise enough to sense what a genuine blessing is? If you judge from the common worldly standpoint you are apt to be deceived in the matter, for what the world calls a blessing is not unfrequently a galling curse in gay disguise.

God, in His infinite mercy and love has provided for all our wants in the best way possible. He has prescribed and commanded in His written word both the moral and the physical law in its highest state of perfection. If we will study the gospel and possess the spirit and genius of it, we will never be bar-

ren in things that fill the soul with peace and joy. But if we take our own course and think we know it all, then we will be left to the buffetings of the evil one and be of all people the most miserable.

The confiding trust and innocence of early youth is a 'fit pattern and lesson for the best of us. The child in his prattling innocence looks up to father or mother with absolute faith and confidence. His instinct teaches him that they will aid him in time of need and trial. And why should we not feel the same with our Father who is in heaven? Have we not every evidence necessary of His love for us! Have we not seen His hand made bare for our deliverance in a thousand various ways? If we have, how ungrateful we are not to trust Him still, and seek first of all, the kingdom and His righteousness.

J. C.

PAYING FOR EXPERIENCE.

I.

IT WAS the shop of the leading watch-maker of Geneva. I will not mention his name out of regard to his fellow craftsmen, every one of whom is the leading watchmaker of Geneva. He may be called M. Unzahl.

One cold morning in February, 1885, M. Unzahl sat in his office, disposing of his mail, when a man, exact in deportment and attire, opened the door of the store and accosted a clerk:

"Monsieur Unzahl, if you please."

"Do you wish to speak to him personally?" inquired the clerk.

"Precisely so."

"Monsieur Unzahl is occupied at this moment. If it is for a purchase, there is the chief assistant, who will give you all desired information."

"It is, indeed, for a purchase, but on special conditions, and I wish to treat only with Monsieur Unzahl."

"Shall I take your card, sir?"

The stranger handed to the clerk a small Bristol card of the dimensions of a railway ticket, bearing the inscription:

W. J. BARKER, ESQ.,
21 Granville Place,
Portman Square, W.

M. Unzahl soon appeared and addressed M. Barker: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Excuse me for having disturbed you," said the stranger, a perfect gentleman. "I wish to buy a gold watch; the price is not the paramount consideration; what I insist on is perfect regularity."

"Then," suggested the watchmaker, "you need a chronometer; here is one of silver at 1,500 francs."

"No," rejoined the Englishman, "although I am something of a traveler, I am not a marine officer; a good watch will answer."

"Try this one," said the watchmaker, offering a stem-winding, double case watch; "for a year it has not varied a second."

"Indeed," remarked W. J. Barker, Esq., "this watch has a good look."

"It has more than a good look," responded M. Unzahl with professional dignity, "it is almost a perfect piece of mechanism, approaching the chronometer, though without equaling it."

"The price?"

"A thousand francs."

"A thousand francs be it, but on one condition, and it is because of this condition that I took the liberty to disturb you."

"What is the condition?"

"That, against this check on the Bank of Geneva, you deliver to me a receipt by the terms of which you engage to take back the watch at the same price of a thousand francs if when I present it to you again in eighteen months you find that it has varied. On my part I engage to take good care of it, without touching the works, without even opening the cases; I will merely wind it up every day at the same hour."

"Your proposition is acceptable. I am

sure of my work and have nothing to fear. It is a bargain. Here is the watch."

"Here's the check for a thousand francs."

"And here is the receipt," added the maker, after he had prepared a receipted bill, coupled with the condition exacted by the purchaser.

II.

Eighteen months later, in August, 1886, M. Unzahl was superintending an important shipment to South America, when, who should enter but M. Barker, whom he recognized immediately, for the Englishman had not grown old or changed in any way, save in dress.

"Good day, Monsieur Barker," said the watchmaker in a familiar tone tempered by the respect due to a sedate customer; "you come to compliment me about my watch."

"No," answered the Englishman, laconically, "I bring it back."

"For cleaning?" queried the tradesman, with a conciliating air. "That does not surprise me; after a year, certainly after eighteen months, the oil needs renewing."

"No!" retorted the Englishman brusquely, "I bring it back to leave it. This watch is worth nothing."

"You astonish me very much," declared the watchmaker, who from smiling had grown serious—"you astonish me very much; but as it was a conditional sale I will repay you the 1,000 francs."

M. Barker had prepared himself for a contest, giving to his features and his voice the maximum British rigidity, but seeing that the honest dealer offered no objection he softened and gradually relaxed his stiffness.

"When I said your watch is worth nothing, I spoke too strongly. The truth is, it has not fulfilled the condition. It has varied ten minutes, as you can see for yourself by comparing with the regulator by which you set it eighteen months ago."

"You are right, sir," said the maker; "there is a variation of ten minutes; verily," he proceeded, as if speaking to himself, "it

does astonish me. However, let us look at it."

He opened the watch whose cases had not been touched; the resistance which they opposed to his practical nail left no doubt on this score. M. Unzahl examined the works in detail. Seeing nothing out of the way, he inspected the watch with a magnifier. Everything was in order. Then he submitted it to the eye of his principal assistant.

This was an old craftsman whose hair had grown white in the trade. He not only knew all the parts of a watch by the card, but could indicate its peculiar temperament. "This one," said he sometimes to his employer, "is a little nervous and will have a tendency to gain time; that one, on the contrary, is lymphatic, and we must not be surprised if it should run slow; the other, yonder, has a capricious disposition; it will gain or lose time, or stop, without apparent cause."

The temperament of this watch seemed to belong to the last category, for the old workman did not succeed, either with the naked eye or with his glass, in detecting the slightest damage.

The employer, equally dumbfounded, forbore further scrutiny, and took a package of bank notes from his cash box to reimburse M. Barker, when an idea flashed on his mind.

"Excuse me, sir; I do not know whether my question will appear admissible, but I would like to ask whether it is in London or on the continent that you have carried this watch?"

"There is no impropriety in your inquiry, and, though it may not interest you much, I can give exactly the employment of my time since we separated."

"Oh! I do not ask that much; only the locality in general."

"But I can give the whole story. There is no secret about it. In February, 1885, after purchasing this watch, I embarked for the Indies."

"Ah!" breathed the watchmaker.

"That is not wonderful for an Englishman. With me it is an old custom. Every other

year I visit Lahore in the Punjab to inspect silk manufactories which I own in the neighborhood of the city."

"Ah! ah!" repeated the dealer; "you could not have remained there long, I presume. The heat is so fatal to Europeans."

"No, I remained there only five months, and when the heat became intolerable I retired to a little cottage which I have in the Himalayas."

"In the Himalayas!" exclaimed the astonished watchmaker. "Why, sir, our Mont Blanc is only 4,810 meters high, and yet no one has ever ventured to install himself there for a summer residence."

"I do not say that I dwelt on the Gaurisanker, which is 8,840 meters high, and which no human foot has trod or ever will tread, not even the foot of the highest climber among the descendants of your Joseph Balmat, the first victor of Mont Blanc. No! my house is situated merely on one of the lower branches of the great chain, not far from Lahore, where the English colony have erected comfortable villages, well sheltered against the sun and refreshed by a continual mountain breeze. There comparative coolness is enjoyed, which is delightful after the furnace of the plain."

"Ah! ah! ah!" ejaculated the watchmaker, who multiplied his exclamations in proportion as the words of the Englishman seemed to correspond with a preconceived idea. "Ah! ah! ah! how much time did you pass in that charming climate?"

"Oh! scarcely a month. A letter from my Moscow correspondent called me from my desired repose. I could not hesitate. It announced the auction sale of an important stock of sables which I had the sure opportunity of placing in England and France. I left the Punjab for Russia."

"Ah! fine! charming!" said the watchmaker, with an exuberance of satisfaction which M. Barker did not comprehend. He merely supposed that M. Unzahl, like all sedentary persons, took pleasure in hearing of travels and that he admired the extent and

variety of his own. He continued with his habitual coolness:

"I passed only two weeks at Moscow. Thirty degrees below freezing point, you understand, for one returning from India."

"Yes! yes!" said the tradesman. "I understand." Then whispering to himself: "I quite understand, too, why the Englishman's watch has varied ten minutes."

M. Barker, not having the acquired power of detecting this internal converse, resumed:

"As soon as my business was ended I left Muscovite snows and proceeded to Egypt."

"You say to Egypt!" interrupted M. Unzahl, with vivacity.

"Exactly; I say to Egypt. I had a crop of ramie to visit. I even remained until the harvest, which was excellent. Then instead of taking a steamer I returned to Manchester by the Dulcimer, one of my sailing vessels, for I am a ship-owner. My vessel was laden with a valuable cargo of ramie, that interesting textile plant which I was the first to introduce for furniture materials. Then, as I had need of recreation, I returned to Switzerland, where for a month I have been making various ascensions with some companions of the Alpine Club. And here I am."

The honest watchmaker was withal a shrewd dealer and had calculated his profit on the information of the Englishman. His conscience did not require him to impart his design. He acted within his strict right. His reply was simply:

"All you have told me, sir, of your late travels has an intense interest; intense is not too strong a word. I must now repurchase the watch at the thousand francs. Only I ask one condition."

"A condition?" broke in the Englishman, darkening like a London sky in November. "What condition?"

"That you will give in the receipt for the thousand francs the reason for returning the watch. State that after having carried it to Lahore, into the Himalayas, to Moscow, to Egypt, to Manchester, and back to Switzerland it has varied in eighteen months ten

minutes. This writing is indispensable for my protection in dealing with my silent partners."

"Willingly, since that is the case."

"After you have signed the paper you will have the signature verified by your consul at Geneva."

"No objection to that. I have business at the consulate where I am well known, and you shall have the document in half an hour."

Thirty minutes later the Englishman appeared with the legal attestation bearing the consular seal. The watchmaker handed him in exchange a thousand francs in bank notes, and, having bidden him farewell, was about to retire to his office when M. Barker stopped him:

"I do not wish that our business relations should end with this cheerless transaction. Sell me another watch."

"Never in my life," said the tradesman, decidedly. "I have given you the pearl of my manufacture; and that I could now offer would not satisfy, so—"

"Then adieu," said the Englishman, "and without ill-will."

"Oh, without ill will," repeated the watchmaker, smiling; "far from it."

The Englishman did not understand this "far from it" and took his leave.

III.

The third day after, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Barker, on returning from a short mountain excursion with two of his confreres of the Alpine Club, saw before the shop of the watchmaker Unzahl an unusual gathering of tourists, who, in August, as is well known, are numerous in the good city of Geneva. He halted with his friends, and when the first ranks of the curious had dispersed, he was able to discover what had attracted their attention. It was a large panel similar to those which exhibitors use for framing their medals, and in the panel was a placard in distinct characters written in English, French and German, as follows:

Extraordinary bargain. For sale, the best watch ever made in Geneva. In 18 months, after having been exposed to the torrid heat of India, to the temperate climate of the middle regions of the Himalayas, to the rigors of the Russian winter, to the burning sun of Egypt, to the atmosphere of Manchester charged with fog and coal dust, and lastly to the sudden changes of temperature in our own mountains, this watch, truly a wonder, has varied but ten minutes. Ten minutes in eighteen months. See below certificate of our customer, whose signature is verified by the English consul.

At the foot of this announcement, quite American in form but strictly exact, the watch was exposed in an elegant casket, with the alluring inscription: "Exceptional price, 1,500 francs."

"Eh!" exclaimed the amazed Englishman, "my watch has risen 500 francs in price. This watchmaker understands what he is about. I now comprehend the scope of his sly questioning. Why did I not divine it sooner? Well, no matter, for at 1,500 francs he will certainly not find a buyer, and whenever I wish I can take the watch again at his original price."

The next day M. Barker returned alone to the display window. The crowd was greater than the day before, and he was obliged to wait ten minutes before being able to approach the placard. The reading had not changed, but the price of the watch had been raised to 2,000 francs.

"Oh! Oh!" said he, "at the rate at which the watchmaker bids on himself I had better hasten to the auction."

On entering the shop M. Barker was not a little surprised to find one of his companions of the Alpine Club chaffering for the watch. "Now," thought he "it will escape me and I shall regret it. M. Unzahl was right when he said he could not find a better watch. The truth has penetrated my skull a little too late. As usual I shall have to pay for my experience after all."

"Then," he overheard from the member of the Alpine Club, "you will not let me have it for 1,500 francs?"

"No; sir; it is impossible. That was the price yesterday. Today it is worth 2,000 francs. Tomorrow it will be worth—"

"Well," pressed the Alpinist, "I offer you 1,800 francs. Is it a bargain?"

"Two thousand or nothing. Read the certificate."

The fellow-countryman went out in a huff without looking at M. Barker or offering his courtesies to the dealer.

"Well, Monsieur Unzahl!" said M. Barker.

"Well, Monsieur Barker!" returned the watchmaker.

"It seems to me that my watch behaves very well in your shop—a rise in value of 1,000 francs rather quickly."

"It is worth that," insisted the tradesman.

"I believe it now, and to prove it I am going to take it again."

"At 2,000 francs?"

"Yes, at 2,000 francs."

"You shall not have it at that price," said M. Unzahl, whom the adventure had put in good humor.

"With your permission," responded the Englishman, who began to be impatient, "I will remark that there are bounds to the best pleasantry."

"I am not in sport, sir, and I have no intention to offend you. If I do not accept your 2,000 francs it is because, having refused 1,800 francs from one of your countrymen, I am happy to give you the preference at that price for a watch which was once yours."

"Oh! you are acting honorably," said M. Barker, completely pacified.

And, with a courteous movement, he grasped the hand of the watchmaker. Passing to him a check for 1,800 francs he quickly replaced the watch in his waistcoat.

"No matter," he communed with himself on reaching the street. "Here is an experience that has cost me 800 francs. It will teach me to be more just to all my servitors, whether watches or employes. One does not take sufficient account of their services because of a few imperfections. They are ten minutes slow, or perhaps they come to a stop. But some work under the sun of India and others amid the frosts of Russia. That dis-

turbs the wheelwork. Here is 800 francs lost usefully. The lesson has not cost me too much."

Translated from the French.

A STATESMAN'S PASTIME.

DANIEL WEBSTER had a great fondness for domestic animals. His farms at Marshfield and Franklin were stocked with fine cattle and sheep. Even when at Washington he always managed to keep about him a few of these pleasant reminders of his farm life. He kept a cow in his yard and some favorite fowls. He fed them himself and delighted in watching them and observing their habits.

He used to come home from the State Department (he was Secretary of State under Presidents Harrison and Tyler), and finding his wife's workbasket on the sideboard, he would say softly, "I think I may venture to take this little basket." Turning out spools and thimbles and tapes in a symmetrical pile, he would then go out to the barn and gather the eggs in the basket, bringing them in with all the glee of a boy rejoicing in the acquisition of his first hennery. This he did daily.

GATHER KNOWLEDGE FROM THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

IF WE would gather knowledge, and be wise,
And, by the truth be ever safely led—
The surest way to gain true wisdom's highest prize—
Then gather wisdom from the Fountain Head.

'Mid all the stirring scenes of mortal life,
If we'd avoid the troubles that we dread,
And save ourselves from anxious care and strife,
We'd seek true wisdom from the Fountain Head.

When doubt and darkness meet us on our way,
And troubles gather round with startling tread,
And enemies appear in dread array,
Let's seek for wisdom from the Fountain Head.

In weal or woe, which ever may betide,
Or, when temptation round our feet is spread,
We're ever sure of an unerring guide,
The light that cometh from the Fountain Head.

W.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Self-Denial.

ONE of the great lessons of life is to learn to take pleasure in ministering to the wants and in contributing to the happiness of others. Some persons find this easy to do. With others it is a struggle, and they have to train themselves carefully to obtain the necessary mastery so that they will think of the happiness and enjoyment of others as much as they do of their own.

Human nature is selfish; but the feeling is stronger in some persons than in others. Children exhibit selfishness more plainly than grown people; for they have not the art, neither do they think it necessary, to conceal it. Grown people are sometimes ashamed of appearing selfish, and therefore they take pains to gratify the propensity in a less public and direct manner than children.

Upon this point the difference of dispositions in children is very marked, and this, too, in the same family. One child will divide candy, fruit or anything else that children like, with its companions without grudging; in some instances handing over the desired article to the person asking for a piece, to take as much as he likes. Another child will not divide with anyone, or if it does, it will give reluctantly, and then only a small piece. It does not follow that these children will, as they grow up, always be equally generous or equally selfish. Dispositions change; age brings knowledge and understanding, and the individuals themselves commence the regulating of their own characters; especially does the generous nature, when brought in contact with the present world, soon learn selfishness.

The laws of the gospel, if thoroughly obeyed, make people unselfish. Some persons think them hard and unpracticable, and unsuited to human nature. But they are greatly mistaken. Even human experience proves that selfishness is unprofitable. Selfish people not only cut themselves off from a great amount of happiness, but they frequently defeat themselves in their plans by being shortsighted. The Savior speaking of improper self-gratification says:

“For it is better that ye should deny yourselves of these things, wherein ye will take up your cross, than that ye should be cast into hell.”

Selfishness or self-gratification is not near so profitable as self-denial; in a qualified sense, it may be said that self-denial leads to heaven and self-gratification leads to hell.

The two commandments, than which, the Lord Jesus says, there is none greater, and upon which, He says also, hang all the law and the prophets, are:

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.”

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

This last commandment, the Lord says, is like unto the first. The love of God and the love of our neighbor He puts side by side. As the Apostle John says:

“If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?”

Whenever men attain to such perfection of feeling that they love their neighbors as they do themselves, they have mastered and killed selfishness. This would take away from Satan the power he now has over the hearts of the children of men, and would make the earth a heaven.

Jesus has set a great example of unselfishness. He has made every sacrifice for us. He has revealed the gospel, which teaches unselfishness and which enforces self-sacrifice as necessary to exaltation. He desires us to tread in His footsteps.

Every juvenile should take pleasure in making others happy, even if it be at the cost of his personal sacrifice. There are many ways in which this can be done by keeping the comfort and gratification of others uppermost in the mind, instead of thinking about self-comfort and self-gratification. Let it be a source of gratification and enjoyment to every child to do all in its power to make others comfortable and happy, even if it be at the cost of self-denial. The Lord has told us that He is coming "to measure to every man according to the measure which he has measured to his fellow man." No one need, therefore, be afraid of losing his reward. He will be repaid in exact and complete justice. If he has been kind and liberal and sought the benefit and happiness of others, instead of thinking of and acting only for self, the Lord will measure back to him accordingly. He will find that in keeping the commandment to "love thy neighbor as thyself," he has made an excellent and very profitable investment.

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 377.)

WE NOW see the exciting scenes enacted by those who are seeking to gain a foothold upon the shores of the new hemisphere. Voyagers from all countries swarm to the shores of the great continent, actuated by the hope of gaining wealth, or of finding a peaceful home in the midst of the unsettled wastes.

Scene after scene of thrilling interest is enacted before us during the colonization of the inhospitable and perilous shores. We see the Pilgrims driven from home and country and seeking an asylum in the wild and unknown lands. Strifes and dissensions have continued to mark the progress of religion in England, and though conscription and massacre no longer flourish, yet the spirit of persecution is still rife, and those who differ from

the principles of the established church, suffer the penalty of imprisonment or exile.

Among those who boldly proclaim the right of individuals to liberty of conscience are a brave band of men and women in England, who, taking upon themselves the name of Pilgrims, leave home and country in the hope of finding an abode where they may worship God according to the dictates of conscience. We see them foiled in their first attempt to leave the scene of their persecution and brought back to be thrown into prison. Escaping at last they reach Holland where they remain for some time in peace. But, exiles in a strange land, and among a people of strange language and customs, they cannot remain long content. A feeling of homesickness takes possession of them. They pine with unrest, conscious of their ability and willingness to do something which shall convince the king of their patriotism and worth. With this thought in their minds, they begin to meditate upon a removal to the wilds of the new world, hoping to be enabled to extend the dominions of the king, and be at peace with their country while they enjoy undisturbed the liberty of a religious conscience.

We see them at last after many disappointments and delays embarked in the *Mayflower* upon their journey to the new world. They had hoped to make their home in a genial climate amid the beautiful lands of the Hudson. But a storm drives them to the desolate shores of Cape Cod and we see them landing in the dead of winter upon the inhospitable and rock bound coast, without a roof to cover them, and enduring patiently the hardships and privations of their cheerless lot. We see the little band thinned by death caused by the hardships of toil and hunger, and yet clinging steadfastly to the faith which had brought them into exile at the sacrifice of home and friends.

At length their trials are succeeded by prosperity, and we behold the tiny settlement grown into a flourishing colony. Then commence the sad scenes which cast so dark a stain upon the history of the Pilgrims. Flee-

ing from their native country at the greatest risk, to find religious freedom for themselves, they now commence to practice a system of intolerance towards all those whose religious ideas differ from their own. The loss of civil liberty, and banishment, are made the penalties for the expression of a difference of opinion. Then severe measures are adopted, and we see the Quakers suffering persecution and death at the hands of these early advocates of charity and tolerance. Then we see the terrible scenes enacted during the fatal delusion of witchcraft. Scores of innocent people are accused of being in league with the evil one, and are put to death upon the charge of dealing in the black arts.

Every petty strife or personal enmity finds an outlet for revenge in a senseless charge of witchcraft upon the part of the wronged, and the accused is made to suffer the penalty of death.

Reason at length regains its sway, but a blot remains forever upon the record of New England history. The excuse for these dark scenes, is the period of their occurrence. They belong to a time marked with bigotry and unswerving resolve. With the Puritans, to be mistaken is to sin, and to restrain and punish error seems to them right and necessary.

Dissenters themselves, they cannot tolerate the dissent of others. Yet Puritanism contains within itself the power to correct its own abuses. The heart of a liberty-loving people throbs beneath the gloomy and austere garment of their faith, and the evils of their system are swallowed up in the glory of their after achievements, for without the Puritans America could never have gained her independence, and liberty would have remained but a name.

We follow step by step the progress of the colonies stretching along the coast of America from the great gulf at the south to the regions bounded by the gloomy lands of Labrador. Triumphant under the trials besetting their career, they gain a strong foothold, and grow in prosperity and power. Local strifes and the unjust warfare waged by the mother coun-

try against her colonies interrupt the harmony and impede their progress, yet the sturdy spirit of the men who have conquered the perils of inhospitable wilds inspires them through all and will not suffer them to be subdued.

Of the many nations competing for dominion in America, England has succeeded in gaining the ascendancy and the thirteen colonies extending along the Atlantic shores are united by the affinity of language and the bond of a common ancestry, as well as the mutual endurance of hardship and peril. Though kept a long time apart by prejudices and jealousy they are now to be brought together to act in a common cause, for the final conflict between the powers of England and France for supremacy in America is at hand.

The French have colonized the region of the St. Lawrence and the northern lakes, and now commence to make their way into the interior with the intention of dividing the continent, and taking the larger portion for France and the Catholics. A band of zealous fanatics have sprung up in the persons of the Jesuits, and these with the determination of extending the Catholic faith to all lands and nations, set out fearlessly to the south and west to convert the barbarous tribes and take possession of their lands. Military posts are established by France in the territory visited by them, to secure the advantages thus gained, and to prevent the English from carrying their settlements beyond a certain limit.

The English, however, claim by virtue of the discoveries of Cabot the right to the entire territory from north to south and from ocean to ocean, and we now witness the commencement of the great war which is to decide these opposing claims. Hostilities are begun on the part of the French and a league formed by them with the Indians, and the colonies now unite themselves patriotically to assist in defending the land of their possession from the encroachments of their hated rivals.

We see here Washington, a mere boy, entrusted with his important mission, and per-

severing under hardships and perils for its accomplishment. We see the campaigns planned and the battles fought which form such important scenes in the long war. We witness the disasters caused by the delay of Landon; the fall of the brave Wolfe before Quebec, and saddest of all the ruin of the peaceful province of Acadia. The place has been held by the French, but the English taking the posts by storm, make themselves masters of the country. Their first step is to demand an oath of allegiance from the French, so framed that the people as honest Catholics cannot pronounce it. Taking advantage of their resistance the British government settles upon the atrocious measure of driving them into banishment. The peaceful hamlets are now laid waste, and the broken hearted people forced at the point of the bayonet to embark upon the English ships. They are then carried away to be scattered helpless, half starved, and dying among the English colonies. As the ships bear them forever from Acadia the wails of thousands of bleeding hearts are wafted to heaven with the smoke of burning homes. Inhuman hearts are they which can thus desire the destruction of this peaceful and inoffensive colony.

The expedition against Acadia is but one of the successes which go to secure for England her triumph in the war. The victory of Montreal closes the contest, and by the sweeping provisions of the treaty which follows we behold the French lose their entire possessions in the new world. An important triumph this is, for by it, it is decided that the decaying institutions of the old world shall not prevail in the west, and that instead, the laws and language and habits of the English race shall be planted forever in the vast domains of the new world.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since Columbus discovered America and the colonies which began with a handful of settlers scattered here and there along the Atlantic coast, have grown in numbers to the importance of a nation. These people who had been driven into exile by the tyranny of

European governments, and the bigotry of religious power, have become the rightful proprietors of the new world. They have fairly won it from savage men and savage nature. From memories of the past, from aspirations of the present and hopes of the future, they have imbibed the glorious spirit of liberty, and are now ready to draw the sword of defense when the iron heel of oppression is set upon their rights. Through long years they have been hampered by the exactions and tyranny of the mother country, and have endured the suspicion and calumny of the government whose interests they have conscientiously tried to augment. After the close of the French and Indian war, in which they have played so gallant a part, we see a



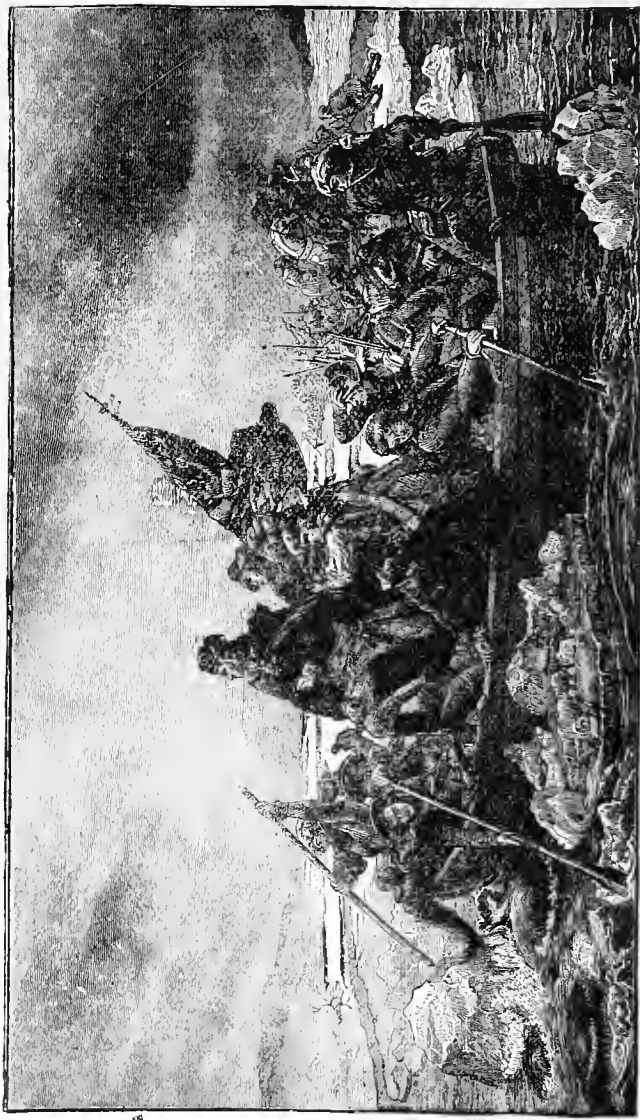
GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A GENERAL.

renewal of the extreme measures which have galled the spirits of the colonists throughout the course of their dealings with the mother country since their sojourn in the new world. But a new spirit is awakened and the people propose to resist any exaction which may threaten the existence of their liberties. We see the opening scenes of the great revolution; the passage of the hateful Stamp Act, and the measures taken for its enforcement. We hear the muffled bells of Philadelphia and Boston ringing the mournful peals which announce to the people the death of their liberties. We hear the impassioned eloquence of Patrick Henry and other patriots spurring the people on to a defense of their rights. We see the

ships riding in the harbor of Boston, filled with the chests of tea, upon which has been placed the obnoxious duty, and those mysterious figures creeping stealthily down to the water's edge, boarding the ships, and pouring the contents of the chests into the sea. An act which speaks stronger than words of the spirit of resistance which has been roused by the enforcement of the arbitrary act. Then the battles of Concord and Lexington are fought, and the great war of the Revolution is commenced.

We see the British war ships crowding the harbors, filled with soldiers who are come to teach the defiant Americans a lesson and quell forever the spirit of independence which they have presumed to display. At length a rumor is heard that the British will sally out of Boston to burn the neighboring towns and devastate the country. But the Americans anticipate their movements. On the night of June 16th, 1775, a thousand men are sent to fortify Bunker Hill. From midnight to day dawn the men work in silence. The British ships in the harbor are so near that the Americans can hear the sentinels on deck repeating the night call "All is well." When the light of morning breaks the new made redoubt is revealed to the astonished British. Three thousand men are despatched to carry the works. The Americans number in all but fifteen hundred, and are worn out with toil and hunger; but there is no thought of quailing before the enemy. The British general orders his column forward, and at the

same time, every gun in the British fleet and batteries is turned upon the American position. Thousands of eager spectators climb to the house tops in Boston and await the shock of battle.



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

The Americans reserve their fire until the advancing line is within a hundred and fifty feet. "Fire!" cries their leader, and instantly from breastwork and redoubt every gun is discharged. The front rank of the

British melt away ; there is a recoil and then a precipitate retreat. The British general at length rallies his men and renews the attack but again is the charging column broken up and driven to flight. The guns of the fleet are now made to bear upon the inside of the American works, and a third time the assaulting column returns to the charge. The Americans now have but three or four rounds of ammunition left. When these are expended there is a lull, and the British hasten to clamber over the ramparts. The Americans club their guns, and hurl stones at their assailants but all in vain. The heroic band are no match for their opponents and are at last driven from their trenches at the point of the bayonet.

In spite of this, the battle of Bunker Hill is regarded by the patriots as a victory rather than as a defeat, for it has been proven that the British soldiers are not invincible. To capture a few more hills will cost the British general his whole army.

The news spreads like wildfire and the enthusiasm of war is roused throughout the country. People begin to speak of the United Colonies of America.

A last appeal is, however, made to the tyrannical monarch, setting forth the loyal spirits of his subjects in the colonies, but declaring that they are determined to choose war in preference to slavery. The answer to this appeal is a command to disband their armies and submit without conditions. This causes the burning resentment of the colonists to flame afresh, and the result of this new insult to their petitions, is a declaration of the independence of the United Colonies of America. We see the old bell-man waiting at his post to ring the glad tidings that the great work has been done. We see George Washington entrusted with the chief command and leading the American armies through successes and defeats to their final triumph. We see him chosen to stand at the head of the new Republic, and watch the trials of the nation under the new responsibilities and tasks. We see new states added to the union, and the

Republic growing year by year in dignity and power. The great continent is explored to the far shores of the Pacific, and settlements made in the midst of wildernesses, to grow eventually into powerful states. The talents of great statesmen and thinkers, shed a lustre upon American politics and literature. Prosperity and power follow the wise measures of the leaders and the people, and nations acknowledge the worth and glory of her institutions while the Republic becomes recognized as one of the chief powers of the world. Emerging in triumph from her wars with foreign powers, we now see the nation about to engage in those scenes of civil strife whose outcome is to decide the safety of the union.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Josephine Spencer.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Forgiveness of Sins—How Obtained.

ELDER RICHARD BALLANTYNE, of Ogden, and other brethren have called my attention to a doctrine that is causing much discussion and ill-feeling in places. It is concerning the blessings that are promised to the Saints if they partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper worthily.

Some years ago, during my absence at Washington, one of our Elders framed some questions and answers on the Lord's Supper and they were published in a card, at the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office. One of these questions is:

"What blessings are promised us if we partake of this Sacrament worthily?"

The answer, as printed, says:

"That our sins will be forgiven, and that the Lord's Spirit will always be with us."

It is the first clause in this answer that has given rise to controversy, and I understand that this is carried to very improper lengths in some places.

I may say that the answer is entirely too broad.

Brother Ballantyne informs me that a little Sunday School girl of eleven years was asked by her father, in connection with other questions, what she should do to get a remission of her sins, to which she replied, "I go to the Sunday School and partake of the Sacrament."

If such a construction as this is put upon this answer, it is evidently broader than it should be.

The ordinance of baptism is instituted for the remission of sins.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not instituted for that purpose. Yet when people partake of that Sacrament worthily, they no doubt obtain the forgiveness of their sins, on the same principle that we obtain the forgiveness of our sins whenever we confess them and repent of them.

Let me explain myself, so that my views on this point may be clear.

The ordinance of baptism is instituted in the Church as the door by which the penitent sinner can enter into the Church and obtain the forgiveness of his sins. If he submits to this ordinance in the proper spirit and according to the requirements of the Lord, all his sins, unless he has been guilty of murder, are forgiven.

But men are imperfect. After they are members of the Church they do many things which are not right. How do they obtain forgiveness of these transgressions? If they have sinned against the Lord, forgiveness is obtained by confessing to the Lord, repenting of their sins, and obtaining from Him the fulfillment of His promise to all who are truly penitent.

Suppose men sin against their fellowmen, it is their duty to go to those against whom they have sinned and confess their sins to them, and ask forgiveness from them; and by manifesting a proper spirit of penitence their brethren forgive them, and the Lord also forgives them.

On the Sabbath day we assemble together to partake of the Lord's Supper. We are commanded not to partake of that ordinance

unworthily; that is, we should eat and drink with a spirit of penitence in our hearts in remembrance of the Lord, and witness unto Him that we are willing to take upon us the name of the Son and keep His commandments. If we have sinned publicly, we should, before we partake of that ordinance, confess publicly and obtain the forgiveness of the Church, as well as the forgiveness of the Lord. If our wrong-doing be against the Lord alone, then we should humble ourselves before Him in secret and confess to Him; and all this before we partake of the Sacrament. Can there be a doubt in anyone's mind that, under those circumstances, if the Sacrament be partaken of in the right spirit, the Saints do not obtain the forgiveness of their sins? Certainly they do.

Upon the same principle, the Apostle James, in his epistle says:

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

It appears from this that compliance with this ordinance by members of the Church of Christ will bring forgiveness of sins.

There is a case recorded by Matthew where the Lord Jesus, seeing the faith of the people who brought to Him a man sick of the palsy, said to the man, who we have no reason to believe was a member of the Church of Christ: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

But does it follow, because of the words of James or this act of our Savior's that we should set forth that our sins will be forgiven by having hands laid upon us by the Elders when we are sick?

However true it may be that sins are forgiven under such circumstances, it is not for the forgiveness of sins that that ordinance was instituted. It was for the healing of the sick. So also with the Lord's Supper. Even if penitent Latter-day Saints are forgiven their faults when they partake worthily of the sacrament, they do not eat and drink for that

purpose, but in remembrance of the Lord and of His blood that was shed for our salvation that they may have His Spirit to be with them.

The ordinance of baptism is for the purpose of obtaining a remission of sins. If a means of obtaining forgiveness of sin be held up to our children, the ordinance of baptism is the proper means, and to teach anything else is liable to mislead.

In my experience I have frequently found it the case that disputes among Elders are more due to difference of language and expression than from any real difference upon points of doctrine. Whenever men give way to the spirit of controversy in this Church, they darken the mind of the Spirit of God, and both sides are apt to express themselves improperly.

The card which has been quoted in this controversy should not be circulated, as it has, no doubt, had the effect to make a wrong impression and to mislead.

The Editor.

THE ARGALI OF SIBERIA.

ONE of the largest and most conspicuous of sheep is the Argali, which is noted not only for its general dimensions, but for the enormous size of its horns.

The Argali is nearly as large as a moderately-sized ox, being four feet high at the shoulders, and proportionately stout in its build. The horns of a full grown male Argali are very nearly four feet in length if measured along the curve, and at their base are about nineteen inches in circumference. They spring from the forehead, and, after rising perpendicularly for a short distance, curve boldly downwards until they reach below the chin, when they again curve upwards and come to a point.

The surface of the horns is covered with a series of deep grooves set closely together, and extending along them to the very extremities.

The Argali is a great fighter, and, firmly as these weapons are fixed on the animal's head, they are sometimes broken off in the fierce conflicts which the creatures wage with each other.

But you must not think these broken horns are suffered to lie unobserved on the ground. They are soon utilized by the foxes and other small mammalia which inhabit the country, and converted at once into dwelling-houses, where they lie as comfortably as the hermit-crab in his stolen snail-shell. Man sometimes uses them by converting them into various articles of household furnishings. The Argali is a mountain-loving animal, being found on the highest grounds of southern Siberia and the mountains of central Asia, and not fond of descending to the level ground. It has marvelous power of limb and sureness of foot, and, if disturbed when feeding, will make at once for the rocks and fly up their craggy surfaces with wonderful ease and rapidity. When overtaken by the snow storms so common in those mountains, they lie quietly under the drifts, and are able to continue respiration by means of a small breathing hole through the snow. For these imprisoned Argalis the hunters eagerly search, as the animal is deprived of its fleet and powerful limbs, and is forced ignominiously to succumb to the foe, who impales him by driving his spear through the snow into the creature's body.

Like other sheep it is gregarious and lives in small flocks.

Love to God, charity to man, purity and humility, are the highest perfections that either men or angels are capable of—the very foundation of heaven laid in the soul; and he who hath obtained them needs not desire to pry into the hidden rolls of God's decrees, or search the volumes of heaven to know what is determined about his everlasting condition; but he may find a copy of God's thoughts concerning him written in his own breast.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.

12, VOL. XXV.

1. WHEN was the largest and last capital stone laid upon the Nauvoo Temple? A. On the 6th of December, 1844.

2. What were the fears entertained by the Saints before this last stone was laid? A. That the work could not be completed before the winter closed in.

3. But what was the result? A. The Lord held up the storms and cold weather until this important piece of labor was completed to the satisfaction and delight of all the Saints.

4. What occurred in two hours after the capital was put in its place? A. The snow commenced to fall until it was about four inches deep, and that night it froze very heavily.

5. Finding that the murder of Joseph and Hyrum had not been attended with the desired results which the enemies of the Church anticipated, what was their next move? A. All kinds of false charges were circulated against them in such newspapers as the *Warsaw Signal*, *Alton Telegraph*, *Quincy Whig*, etc.

6. What was the effect produced by these infamous lies? A. Great indignation was aroused in the country against the Saints.

7. What did they mean to accomplish by this? A. To raise mobs to come and drive the Saints away from their homes again.

8. What incident did Gov. Ford relate as having come under his own observation which illustrated the character of the charges circulated about the people of Nauvoo? A. On his visit to Hancock County he was informed by some of their enemies that their larcenies had become numerous and insufferable, but admitted that but little had been done in that way in their vicinity, but that sixteen horses had been stolen in one night near Lima in Adams County. When at Lima, he was told that no horses had been stolen in that neighborhood, but that sixteen were stolen in one night in Hancock County. On further inquiry it was changed to Adams County.

9. What did he say regarding this matter in his message to the legislature? A. "I could not ascertain that there were a greater proportion of thieves in that community than in any other of the same number of inhabitants; and perhaps if the city of Nauvoo were compared with St. Louis or any other western city, the proportion would not be so great."

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 12, Vol. 25: Annie S. Sessions, H. C. Blood, Jennetta Blood, Henry H. Blood, Bertha Howell, C. E.

Wight, Rebecca C. Allen and Sophronia Wood.

"From Kirtland to Salt Lake," by James A. Little.

Jennetta Blood, third prize: "By Uphill Paths."

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT was the feeling of the members of the Illinois Legislature towards the Saints? 2. Which one of the members of the Senate was under arrest for the murder of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum? 3. What did the Senate do instead of allowing the law to take its course and he to be tried for the crime of which he was accused? 4. Was no one of those engaged in the commission of that bloody and treacherous deed to be punished by the law? 5. Why? 6. What parallel can we draw between the Jews who crucified the Savior and the Illinois Legislature? 7. For what purpose was this man Davis making bitter speeches on the floor of the Senate against the people of Nauvoo? 8. Were they successful in having it repealed?

PRIZES AWARDED.

THE following named persons are entitled to the prizes offered for the best lists of Answers to Questions on Church History published in the first half of this volume:

Bertha Howell, first prize: One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Sophronia Wood, second prize:

A NEW FEATURE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

YOUNG folks always love to hear true stories that are pleasing. Anecdotes about animals are especially attractive to the little folks, so we have decided to reserve a little space in the INSTRUCTOR for the purpose of publishing short stories about animals or about anything else that will be interesting to our little readers. We invite our young friends to write for this department such little incidents or anecdotes as the following, which are true stories, and were told us by persons who live in this territory. If our little readers will interest themselves in writing to us about such things that they notice we will cheerfully publish their stories. Every body is free to contribute to this department, and we hope all will do their best to make it pleasing and interesting. The stories need not all be about animals. If you notice something peculiar or odd about the trees, the flowers or the grass that you see, or if you have a little brother or sister or friend that does some nice act or says something that is "cute" or funny, write about it and you will find it is a good practice for yourself, and it will please others

who read it. Now for the stories we spoke about.

A GENTLE HORSE.

The horse is a very knowing or intelligent animal, and many stories might be told about what horses have done. In a settlement north of Salt Lake City a gentleman owns a horse that is very kind and gentle. To go from the place where he is generally unhitched from the wagon to the stable he has to pass a narrow place between the corner of the barn and another building.

One day when going from the wagon to the stable to get his dinner he found a little child sitting on the ground right in the narrow passage spoken of. It was his owner's little boy. His mother and the teamster were too far away from the spot at the time the boy was noticed there to take him up or to stop the horse from going that way. It looked to them as though the child would get hurt. But the horse saw the child and stepped very carefully over his head with his four feet and did not even touch him.

Little boys and girls, try and be as careful not to injure others as this wise horse was.

A BABY DOG.

You have perhaps heard of the St. Bernard dogs that kind-hearted people in Switzerland keep for the purpose of finding people who get lost in the snow on the mountains of that

country. A family in one of our towns bought a pup of this breed and it became quite a pet in the household. He soon grew to be a large dog, but he is such a baby that he will not go to sleep at night until he is put to bed by a certain member of the family. If that person is not at home when his bed-time comes he must wait until she returns, as he will not go to sleep if put to bed by someone else.

Perhaps some of you know of children who are very particular about some matters like this young dog is.

THE BRAGGING BLUE JAY.

I'M AN independent jay with blue feathers and
gay crest,
A collar of jet black and a white and snowy
breast;
My eyes are brightest hazel, my notes are loud
and long;
All the birds of the forest I can mimic with
my song.
I shriek like a hawk when I want a little fun,
For all the birds about think the monster then
has come.
I make such dreadful noises at the 'possum and
the coon—
And if an owl comes near me I can scare him
very soon.

But I make sweet music, too, and warble notes
of love,
And to her whom I would woo I am gentle
as the dove.
My nest is rather large, is with fibrous roots
made strong,
And it holds five olive eggs spotted over with
dull brown.

On a high limb of the cedar my little bird-
lings rest ;
And for food I steal the young birds and eggs
from other nests.
I take the farmer's grain, and cherries when
they're red ;
But I seek my nest most cautiously when lit-
tle ones are fed.

I hide my food for winter where no other bird
can see,—
Under stumps, between the stones, in some
lightning-shivered tree ;
And I never am forgetful of the good things
stored away,
But can find a little pantry on each dreary
winter day.

In wild forests of the west, where sportsmen
hunt the deer,
I give a warning cry when danger draweth
near.
The deer knows the cry, he leaps and bounds
away,
The hunter drops his gun and cries, "ven-
geance on the jay."

Just then "bang !" went a rifle, and our foolish
prattling jay
Fell struggling in the grass and his brief life
passed away—
A modest thrush near by said, "O look, you
songsters all,
And pray you take this warning lest your
pride too have a fall."

LET US BE CHEERFUL.

A SONG FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN.



Let us be cheerful, dear schoolmates, Try e'er to be happy and gay;



Young people's cares are not many, Few trials e'er come in our way.



Young people's cares are not many, Few trials e'er come in our way.

Why should we look sad and gloomy,
When everything round us is bright ?
Troubles are not near so trying
To hearts that are merry and light.

Good children all should feel happy,
The sinful alone should feel sad,

If we are doing our duty
We ought to look pleasant and glad.

God, we are told, is delighted
To have us feel cheerful and free,
Let us all try then to please Him,
And happy we all will then be.

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FLOTOW.

1. When far from the town I take my way, I take my way, Then thro'

2. Here I gaze with joy on vale and hill, on vale and hill, Bird-songs

D. C. FULL CHORUS.
1st time.

2nd time.

SEMI-CHORUS.
*staccato.

fields delight-ed here I stray, yes, here I stray, here I stray, I laugh and ca-rol,
greet my ear, and gushing rill, and gushing rill, gushing rill; I watch the wild birds

full of glee, Like captive bird from cage set free; Laugh and ca-rol, full of glee, Like
soar and sing, Or build their nest, or plume their wing; Watch the wild birds soar and sing, Or

† FULL CHORUS.

cap-tive bird from cage set free. La la, la la la la, la la la la,
build their nest, or plume their wing.

la la la, La la, La la la la, la la la la, la la la.

* From this mark * to this † the Bass, Tenor and Alto, may sing the syllable "Ha" instead of the words.

ERRATUM:—An error occurred in setting up the piece of music in No. 13. The first alto note in the eleventh measure should be E instead of F.

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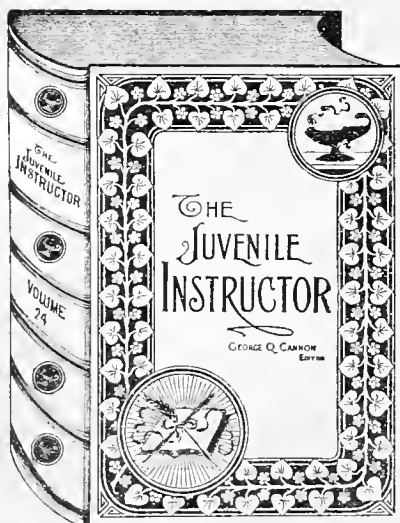
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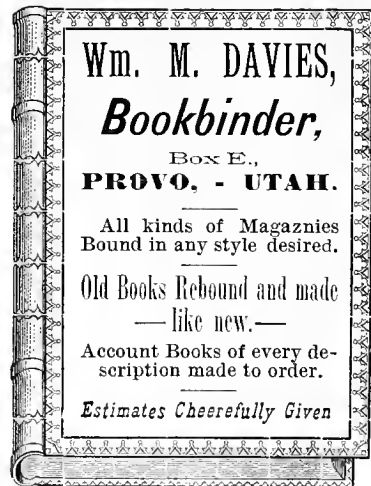
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